

P S
3525
A175
C3
1900z
MAIN

UC-NRLF



ΦB 326 130



THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA

FROM THE LIBRARY OF
WILLARD HIGLEY DURHAM
DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH
1921-1954



A Carol for Christmas

by

Henry Noble MacCracken

with pictures by

Marjorie Dodd MacCracken



A Carol for Christmas

by

Henry Noble MacCracken

with pictures by

Marjorie Dodd MacCracken

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

GIFT



The Fyrste Song

THE shepherd upon a hille he sat,
 Wyth I and O,
 By a fold he sat;
 Besyde him slept his little boye Wat,
 And the north wynde over the heath can blowe.
 Then, shepherds, pype tirlly, tirlow,
 Benedicamus Domino.

There came three shepherds upon the way,
 Wyth I and O,
 The shepherds' way;
 I heard them unto that other saye,
 'The Bethlem road how maye we know?'
 Then, shepherds, pype tirlly, tirlow,
 Benedicamus Domino.



‘Truly, the way is more than a myle,’
Wyth I and O,
A weary myle;
‘And I could be your guide that whyle,
But, friends, what errand have ye thereto?’
Then, shepherds, pype tirly, tirlow,
Benedicamus Domino.

‘Neighbor, an Angel sang this night,’
Wyth I and O,
This happy night;
‘In Bethlem shyneth a Star so bright,
Where Jesus lieth in manger low.’
Then, shepherds, pype tirly, tirlow,
Benedicamus Domino.

‘And every Angel in Heaven then,’
Wyth I and O,
All Angels then
‘Sang Glory and Peace, Good will to men;
Come now, the Star our Lord shall show.’
Then, shepherds, pype tirly, tirlow,
Benedicamus Domino.



‘Then farewell, Wat, thou little herd-boye,
Wyth I and O,
My tiny boye,
Keep fast my flock from all annoy
Till I be come Child Jesu fro.’
And merrily pype tirly, tirlow,
Benedicamus Domino.

‘Where awaye, master?’ ‘To Bethlem town,
Wyth I and O,
Fair Bethlem town;
And Christ thee guard as I go down
From ravenyng wolf and other foe.’
Nowe pype we all tirly, tirlow,
Benedicamus Domino.



The Second Song

NOWE this nyght it waxeth colde,
The sheep's breath resteth white on the folde,
And little Wat by the doore he sleepeth,
Whyle the wolf of the wyld with hunger creepeth,
And drear, full drear,
The chill sky doth appear.

Soon that graye one fetcheth another,
Ever each calleth unto his brother,
'Here shall be meate enough and to spare,
The folde is forsake and left full bare,
Good cheer, good cheer,
Or e'er the day appear.'

When Wat these wolves may hear and see,
He ryseth and prayeth upon his knee:
'Baby Jesu, safe in thy stalle,
Now succor me from dangers alle,
O hear, O hear,
Thy mercy let appear.'



Then out of the East, in that colde nyght,
The Star, the lovely Star shone bright,
All Heaven seemed as a flaming fire,
And the Angels sang in a pretty choir:
 ‘Come near, come near,
 For Christ shall now appear.’

So Wat came near, and saw above
How Mary smyled, so full of love,
And the sweet Babe laughed from his cradle of hay,
Till the hungry wolves have slunken awaye,
 With fear, with fear,
 That Jesus doth appear.

Then shouted Wat, and tossed his cappe,
‘Sweet Jesu, Thou hast brought good hap,
Now lull him, Mary, and wrappe him warm,
That driveth away this uncouth harm,
 And dear, and dear,
 Lord Christ shall aye appear.’

The sky therewith fell dark and stille,
Only the sheep breathed white on the hille,
And whyle Wat sleepeth the lonesome night,
Over Bethlem shineth the starry Light
 And clear, and clear,
 Till Christmas doth appear.



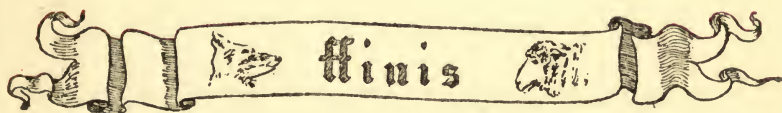
The Third Song

GAILY walked the shepherd home,
Good fellows, sing Noel;
'From Bethlem town now am I come,
My Lord I saw full well:
And truly, Wat, yet am I woe
To-night wyth me thou might not go
To see our blessed Lord also,
Then could thou sing Noel.'

'Nay, Master, that sight full well I saw,
Good fellows, sing Noel;
The Oxe and Asse lie in the straw,
The Lambe with tynkling bell;
Sweet Mary wyth the Holy Child
That played upon her breast and smyled,
And angels round the Maiden mild,
That softly sang Noel.'

‘ What, little Wat, thou sawest all this ? ’
 Good fellows, sing Noel ;
‘ Yea, master, and muchel more, I wis,
 The half I could not tell ;
Christ in the dark night succored me,
And none shall have my love but He
Until I may in Heaven be
 To sing with Him Noel.’

And thus, good sirs, our song hath end,
 But still we sing Noel,
Of Jesu and Wat, his little friend,
 And what that night befell ;
Then rest you merry on Christmas Day,
Now Christ is born to make you gay,
That love Him, and His children may
 For ever sing Noel,
 Noel Noel,
 For ever sing Noel.





RETURN
TO → **NRLE**

1	2	3
4	5	6

ALL BOOKS MAY BE RECALLED AFTER 7 DAYS

DUE AS STAMPED BELOW

SENT ON ILL		
FFR 23 1998		
U. C. BERKELEY		

U. C. BERKELEY LIBRARIES



C055260465

